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THE LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM RAILWAY.

ENTRANCE FRONT OF THE LONDON STATION.

THE LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM RAILWAY.

The prefixed Engraving represents the London Terminus of this important Railway, at Euston Grove, near Euston Square, in the New Road. This grand but simple structure is now in course of erection, from the design of Philip Hardwick, Esq., F.R.S., architect of St. Katherine's Docks, Goldsmith's Hall, the City Club-house, &c.

The façade will occupy about 300 feet towards Drummond Street, opposite a wide opening into Euston Square. The principal elevation, as shown in the Engraving, consists of a Grecian Doric portico, with antæ, and two lodges on each side, appropriated to the offices of the Company; the spaces between the columns and antæ of the portico, and also of the lodges, being inclosed by very handsome, massive, iron gates.

The design of the portico and general façade is after some of the best specimens of Grecian architecture. The whole will be executed in masonry and of stone from the Bramley Fall Quarries, in Yorkshire. The diameter of each column is 8 ft. 6 in., and the height 42 ft., having an intercolumniation of 27 ft. 6 in., which forms a carriage entrance. The width of the portico will be upwards of 68 feet, and the total height from the level of the street to the apex of the pediment about 74 feet. The height of the lodges will be about 21 feet, and that of the gates 13 feet. It will be altogether a noble structure, well adapted to the national character of the undertaking.

The whole of the works are proceeding very rapidly, and it is expected that a portion of this magnificent Railway will be opened to the public soon after Midsummer.

The Engraving has been reduced from a drawing by Mr. T. Allom, lithographed in very effective style by Mr. C. F. Cheffins, Southampton Buildings, Holborn.

From the last Report of the Directors of the Company, we gather that they have about 33 acres of land, at the London end of the line near Camden Town, which are intended as a depôt for the buildings, engines, wagons, goods, and various accessories of the carrying department of the Railway. At Euston Grove, they have a station of about seven acres for the passenger traffic; and both stations are connected by the extension line. Passenger trains are to be moved on this portion of the Railway, by a stationary engine in the Camden depôt, and locomotive engines are to be employed on every other part of the line.

By the same Report, it appears that nearly one million of money beyond the original capital will be required to complete the Railway, and that the total outlay will probably reach four millions and a half.

LONGINGS.

(*From the German of Schiller.*)

From the darkness shadowing over,
Through the blue sky could I flee;
Could I but a path discover,
O how happy I should be!
High above me soar the mountains,
Ever young and ever fair;
And the rippling of those fountains—
O that I could now be there.

Music swelling o'er the ocean,
Gentle harmonies I hear,
Whilst the zephyrs' balmy motion
Wafts celestial odours near.
Golden fruits around are glowing,
Beck'ning to a land of joy;
And the flowers that there are blowing
Winter never can destroy.

How delightful near yon fountains,
Where the sun shines ever free!
And the breezes from yon mountains,
How refreshing they must be.
Yet the ocean rolls so proudly
Which, alas! between us lies;
And its wild waves roar so loudly
That my heart within me dies.

Lo! a boat is swiftly nearing,
But the rowers are not there:
Quick and in it, never fearing,
Safely to that land 'twill bear!
Thou must venture—must not tarry,
Heaven but lends a helping hand:
Nought but wonders thee can carry
To that lovely wonder-land.

L. J. B.

Manners and Customs.

Chinese Street Altars.—At the extremity of each street in Chinese cities, (says a recent writer,) are placed shrines, containing small granite figures of a male and female divinity, or sometimes a single one, before which it is the custom to burn incense, and, upon certain occasions, numbers of candles and gilt paper, the latter of which is thrown into a sort of box or cellar built under the altar: but these shrines are generally in a very dirty and neglected state. The sacrifices are the voluntary offerings of those who reside in the street, where the altar is placed; the candles and gilt paper being furnished by each householder in his turn, who, after having performed the duty for the day, passes to his next-door neighbour a sort of tablet or requisition for these devotional offerings on the following day.

Bulgarians.—The Bulgarians, (says Lieutenant Slade,) are handsome, robust, patient, stubborn, and very jealous, with primitive manners. The stranger who puts up for a night in a cottage has the best of every thing, and sleeps on the same floor with the family. The women are tall and beautiful, with peculiarly small hands and feet: they were the finest race that I saw in Turkey. Their costume consists of a striped shift, which covers without concealing the bust, fastened round the throat with a heavy gold or silver clasp, a short, worked petticoat, and an embroidered pelisse, confined by a broad, ornamental girdle. The hair is dressed in

long braids, and the wrists and waists adorned with solid bracelets and buckles: the poorest have them. These nymphs of the Balkan are household slaves, and are to be seen in the severest weather, drawing water at the fountains; yet no peasantry are better off: the lowest Bulgarian has abundance of every thing—meat, poultry, eggs, milk, rice, cheese, wine, bread, good clothing, a warm dwelling, and a horse.

The Odas, in Turkey, (says Mr. Arundell,) are not endowed or supported by the government, but are entirely private charities. One, at least, is to be found in every village throughout the country, and often several in a small village. The original founder charges his estate, be it large or small, with the perpetual maintenance of the Oda; and it seems in most cases to be the tenure by which the estate is held. Nor is this confined to the wealthy: it frequently happens that a poor man, whose little spot of ground is barely sufficient, after paying the Aga's decimes, to find bread for his children, is obliged to keep a chamber as an Oda for the stranger. No questions are asked of this stranger, whether he is a Mahomedan, Christian, or Jew; it is enough that he is a stranger, and needs the rights of hospitality. He is provided gratuitously with food, fuel, and lodging, and the liberality is even extended to his beast. In what country in Europe can a poor, distressed traveller, faint, and sinking under his privations, and without the means to procure a bit of bread, or a shed to shelter him from the winter's storm, find from village to village a warm-hearted reception, lodging, and food?

Boothian Marriages.—At Boothia, (says Sir John Ross,) a state of celibacy is unknown; every woman, therefore, finds a husband, as every man procures a wife; but often, inevitably, under a system of polygamy, since the sexes are not equal in numbers. The rule appears to be, that the most expert hunters obtain the superfluous women, as best able to maintain them; though we did not know of any instance of a man possessing more than two wives. The forms of matrimony seemed not to differ from the other tribes of Esquimaux, excepting that the young female must make her choice as soon as she is marriageable; but the contract is settled between the parents for their children, and often at a very early age: the time of marriage is about the age of fifteen; and the only form is that of the female going to the hut of her destined husband. The practice of repudiation and change, whether of husbands or wives, is the custom of this district. The fondness of the Esquimaux race for their children has been noticed by those navigators, who have visited these regions: and it is a portion of their character which has been amply confirmed by our own observation of the present tribe. We never saw any chastisement administered, nor ever witnessed even harsh language to their children, who, in return, are affectionate, attached, and obedient.

Ebo Negroes.—Among the different classes of African negroes in the West Indies, (says Sir M. Clare,) the Ebo are of a more docile character than any of the others; yet, shortly before the African trade ceased, they were the most liable to commit suicide; but if civilized for one year, they scarcely ever did it. I should conceive from the following circumstances that it did not proceed from violence of character or depression of spirits:—There were eleven of these negroes, one of whom hung his ten companions; he did it by persuasion, and in a species of mirth and gaiety, after which he hung himself with withs: they were not discovered till they were dead. The cause of this voluntary death may, perhaps, be explained by the following account of a negro belonging to a friend with whom I was well acquainted. He bought a new negro who, he thought, had something pleasing about him; but in a few days he ran away. He was taken at the extreme end of the island, and put into the workhouse, where he was ill-used, and got into a state of dysentery. He was discovered, after some months' absence, and brought back to his master, when I visited him, and got an interpreter to speak to him. He was very much attached to me as his doctor, took his medicines, and seemed anxious to get well. His owner and myself felt considerable interest in his recovery; and having used the warm bath, and made him comfortable, got him a new suit of clothes, with which he was delighted, and very thankful. The next morning, I found him hanging on a tree at his brood gateway. We were astonished at this act of suicide under every circumstance, which appeared likely to have reconciled him to his situation. The interpreter being sent for, he was asked if he knew the cause of the negro destroying himself; when he replied that the only way in which he could account for it was, that he wished to look well, and to be well dressed before he destroyed himself; (many of the negroes having an idea that when they die they immediately get back;) and supposed he did not wish to meet his friends in a sickly, ill-looking condition, but to be well-dressed, and as healthy as possible.

Law Courts of Hayti.—The proceedings in the lower courts, (says Mr. Franklin,) are somewhat extraordinary. If a creditor institute a suit against a debtor in one district, and obtain a verdict, the defendant is permitted to appeal from the sentence to the court of the adjoining district, and so on in succession throughout the whole series of

district courts; and if the last confirm the judgment of the first, the defendant can then move it into the Court of Cassation; and in the event of that court confirming the judgment of the courts below, he may appeal from it to the President, and apply for a new trial in those courts, so that the contest proceeds *ad infinitum*.

Egg Toll.—In Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the corporation appoint an egg-collector, who gathers the toll of an egg, on each basket; these eggs which are the perquisites of the mayor, amount to between two and three thousand annually. W. G. C.

The Novelist.

THE EARTHQUAKE OF CHILI.—A ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

(*From the Spanish.*)

At the time of the great earthquake that took place in 1647, at San Jago, then the capital of Chili, and in which so many persons lost their lives, there was confined in the common jail a noble Spaniard, Don Jeronimo Ruguera, accused of stealing a nun from the cloister, and of marrying her contrary to the canons of the church. From the rigour and long duration of his imprisonment, he had become weary of life; and was preparing to rid himself of it, by suspending himself from a pillar which supported the roof of his cell, when the first shock of the earthquake made his prison tremble to the very foundation.

Don Henrico Asteron, one of the richest grandees of the city, had, about a year before, dismissed him from the office of tutor in his family, on discovering that he entertained a passion for his daughter, Donna Josephine. The secret had been revealed to him by the jealous vigilance of his son, who failed not to irritate the old don against his sister; and, in order that he might become sole heir to his father's possessions, suggested, that to save the credit of the family, she should take the veil. After enduring their cruelty and tyranny for some months, she gave a reluctant consent to enter the convent of Notre-Dame-de-Mont as a nun of the order of the Carmelites.

Jeronimo was rash enough to continue his interviews with her, by scaling the walls of the convent. At last they were detected conversing together in the garden; and hardly had Josephine risen, the next morning, when she was cited to appear before the ecclesiastical court, by order of the archbishop. The inhabitants of St. Jago displayed such bitterness of feeling on the occasion, and were so violent in their reproaches against the inmates of the convent, on account of the scandal it occasioned against the religious orders, that neither the prayers of the family of Asteron, nor the solicitations of the abbess, who had conceived a lively interest for the young lady, could mitigate the doom with which the laws of the cloister threatened her. All they could obtain was that the sentence of the stake, to which she had been condemned, to the pious joy of all the matrons and virgins of St. Jago, was commuted, by the viceroy, to that of decapitation.

When the day of execution had finally been appointed, seats were let at the windows in the streets through which the procession was to pass. Over the terraces of the houses awnings were spread, to shade the spectators from the burning rays of the sun, and the *fashionables* of the city invited their friends to witness the spectacle which the devotion of the church had prepared for them!

Immured in a dungeon and literally bereft of reason, on reflecting on the awful doom which threatened his mistress, the thought of utter hopelessness of escape but added to his despair. All his projects against the walls and bars availed nothing; and an attempt to file the iron grating of his window, redoubled the vigilance of his jailors. In vain he prostrated himself before the image of the holy virgin, (as the only one who had power to save him,) and prayed for succour and deliverance. But the long-dreaded day at length arrived, and with it the consciousness of his desperate situation. Already the clock struck the hour at which Josephine was to prepare to exchange the prison for the scaffold. Despair seized his soul, and he resolved to terminate a life, rendered odious to him, by means of a cord which accident had thrown in his way. He was already, as we have said, at the base of a pillar, and had attached the fatal noose to an ornament in its capital, when the city, as seen through the bars of his cell, seemed to reel to and fro like a storm-tossed vessel, and his ears were stunned by a crash as if the heavens had fallen and overwhelmed the city in their ruins. Jeronimo, rendered motionless by terror, and fearful of being crushed by the falling of the building, clung for safety to the very pillar which he had so lately contemplated making subservient to his self-destruction. The ground trembled under his feet, the walls of the prison burst asunder, and the whole edifice leaned so much toward the street that, if the shock of the falling of the next house had not given it a contrary direction, it would have been overthrown.

Trembling, his hair standing on end, his legs refusing him support, Jeronimo crept along the floor, and with much difficulty escaped through an opening in the front of the prison. Hardly did he find himself at liberty when a second shock levelled the remainder of the houses in that street. Dismayed, he first took the road towards the city gate,

across the broken timbers and ruins of what had so lately been stately palaces and comfortable dwellings. A house, from which large masses of stone were continually falling, forced him to seek his way by the next street. The clouds of smoke in which it was enveloped, together with the flames from the burning roofs, drove him from that.

On this side, the river Mepocho overflowing its banks, rushed with a loud roar and sweeping all obstruction before it, forced him to retreat to a situation more remote from danger; on the other hand, lay a heap of dead bodies, from under which proceeded, at intervals, the deep groans of some poor wretch suffocating by the weight of the corpses of those who, perhaps, in life, had been his dearest friends. The river, gradually encroaching on the spot where he stood, every now and then lifted their dead limbs, that the spectator might also imagine that they yet lived. On the burning roofs, numbers were seen vainly imploring aid; and some in the madness of despair, precipitated themselves to the pavement below.

Reaching the city gates, Jeronimo, overcome with fatigue, sunk under its arch. There he lay in a deep swoon upwards of an hour. A gentle breeze from the west gradually recalled his scattered senses, and his eyes wandering in all directions, with joy beheld the verdant plains of St. Jago.

The sight of the dead bodies by which he was surrounded, tended to diminish the satisfaction he felt at his own escape. He could not, at first, comprehend how he or they came to the place in which they were; and it was not till looking behind him, and perceiving the city a shapeless mass of ruins, that he fully realized to himself the terrible catastrophe which he had survived. He knelt, and bowing to the earth, returned thanks to heaven for his miraculous preservation. He then mingled with the crowd, who were busy saving what little they could out of the general wreck, and timidly inquired if the execution of the daughter of the house of Asteron had taken place; but he found none able to give him information. At length he met a female, bent double under the weight of household goods which she carried, who told him, in passing, that she had herself witnessed the decapitation of the nun.

On comparing the time or the first shock with the hour appointed for her execution, he no longer doubted that the sentence had been carried into effect. He started on his feet, and plunged into a neighbouring wood, abandoning himself to despair. He wished that all the powers of nature were again let loose against him. He regretted that death had refused to receive him when he offered himself a willing victim. After shedding a flood of tears, hope again visited him. He rose and traversed the country in all directions. He examined all the dead bodies which lay stretched in his path, and removed the rubbish under which he could perceive female clothing. With trembling footsteps he traversed the ruins of the nunnery; but no where discovered the remains of Donna Josephine.

About sunset, Ruguera, beginning to despair of finding his mistress, ascended a rock which overlooked a secluded valley. At its foot he perceived a young female, bathing an infant in a neighbouring brook. Jeronimo hastened to the spot, exclaiming, "Holy mother!" It was Josephine.

Imagination can but faintly picture the transports of the lovers at this providential meeting. After their rapture had in some measure subsided into more sober feeling, Josephine related all that had befallen her during the last twenty-four hours. She was preparing to mount the scaffold, when the falling of the houses dispered the multitude assembled to witness her execution, and, together with them, fled the executioners and the other myrmidons of justice. As soon as she could rouse herself from the stupor into which the prospect of approaching dissolution had thrown her, she fled toward the gates, but quickly returned to the nunnery, in which she had left her child. She found it on fire, and the abbess, (who had promised Josephine, at the moment which seemed to be so near her last, to take charge of her infant,) was shrieking amid the flames. Josephine rushed through the smoke along the galleries, which were falling on all sides; and, as if all the angels of heaven protected her, she re-appeared unhurt under the portal, supporting the sunken form of the abbess, and carrying her tender infant in her arms!

She had scarcely reached the portal, when the roof suddenly fell, burying most of the nuns in its ruins. Josephine, horrified at the fate of her former associates, managed, after much difficulty, to effect her escape. She had not proceeded far when she encountered the mangled corse of the archbishop. The palace of the viceroy was in ruins—the court of justice, where sentence had been pronounced against her, was in flames; and on the site of her father's house appeared a lake, from which rose a red vapour. Josephine rallied all her energies to sustain her at this trying moment. She went on courageously, carrying her recovered treasure. She approached the ruins of her lover's prison, and reflected on his probable fate. At this sight she trembled so violently as scarcely to be able to support her infant, till roused by the continual falling of the surrounding buildings, she redoubled her exertions, embracing her child, and soothing the alarm which was too plainly depicted in its eyes.

Exhausted with fatigue, she reposed some time in expectation of seeing him, whom of all others was most dear to her, approach, if he had been so fortunate as to have survived. But when the crowd increased she proceeded farther, and at last entered a small valley of lime-trees; and there, removed from public gaze, offered up a prayer for the repose of the soul of her beloved Jeronimo. She recounted to him all these incidents of the eventful day; and after she had finished her woful recital, presented to him his child.

(*To be concluded in our next.*) 226

Notes of a Reader.

EFFECTS OF COLD.

[THE following is the substance of a very interesting paper on the Effects of Cold, which was read at the Royal College of Physicians, March 4, by the learned President, Sir Henry Halford, Bart., F.R.S.]

In Dr. Hawksworth's account of Captain Cooke's voyage round the world we find it stated that Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander landed on Tierra del Fuego, and determined to make an expedition into the country, in pursuit of some objects of natural history. They were accompanied by a draughtsman and nine other attendants; but previously to commencing their walk, Dr. Solander—a native of Sweden, and well acquainted with the effect of extreme cold in the mountainous country between Norway and Sweden—thought it proper to warn the party against yielding to a propensity to sleep, which the extreme cold and fatigue would inevitably occasion in them, as, if they indulged it, they would awake no more. This inclination to sleep the doctor himself was the first to feel, and finding it irresistible, implored the party to go on, and to allow him to follow in half an hour. This would not be permitted after such a warning as he had pronounced, and they dragged him along, and carried him for some time. Nevertheless, he slept for five minutes, and it was discovered that the muscles of his feet had become so contracted that his shoes dropped from them, and he could wear them no more.

The party lost their way in a snow-storm, and was detained on shore two days and nights, with a very meagre and inadequate stock of provisions; and the unhappy result of the expedition was, that a black servant and two others of the party were left behind dead in the snow.

You may remember, perhaps, that Xenophon, in his modest and beautiful narrative of the return of the ten thousand Greeks, after their invasion of Persia, under the younger Cyrus, whose death in the battle of Cunaxa (near the site of the modern Bagdad) rendered their retreat necessary, encountered some unusually severe weather in Armenia, which proved fatal to a part of the army. It had marched three successive days in the snow, and on the last a strong north wind having arisen, which blew in the faces of the men, thirty soldiers died in one night, seared as if burned, and stiffened by cold. We have also the same effect of cold described by Livy in speaking of its influence on the animals passing over the Alps—

"Torrida membra gelu."

and Milton has it—

"And frost performs the effect of fire."

I know that some philosophers, who are familiar with the operation of freezing mercury, have lost the skin of their fingers by touching the metal in its frozen state; and it is remarkable that Captain Back, in the interesting detail of his northern expedition, relates that the Indians compared the sensation imparted to their hands by the triggers of their guns, under extreme cold, to the effect of a red-hot iron.

When Charles XII. of Sweden was killed at the siege of Frederickshall in Norway, General Ahrenfield, who lay before Drontheim, resolved immediately to withdraw his army to Sweden. It had been reduced by casualties and by desertion to 7,300 men, and his enemies—the Danes and Norwegians—were in possession of all the principal roads which led to Sweden. He was compelled, therefore, to make his retreat over a desert, eight leagues in length, lying between Maragher Fidelen and Handesloch. Accordingly on the 11th of January he began to march with his forces.

When they had hardly made two leagues of their way, they were overtaken by a storm of snow, which lasted three days and three nights, without intermission. On the 13th of January, a lieutenant and fifty men were observed lying dead, in a heap, with cold. On the 14th, whole squadrons of the Swedes had sunk in the snow. Some were trodden under foot by their horses; others had pitched upon their heads, being oppressed by their arms and accoutrements; others lay in whole troops upon each other, still holding their horses, which perished likewise, nothing appearing of some of them but here and there a head raised above the snow. General Ahrenfield himself retired over the mountain of Fidal with 5,250 men, of whom only 2,000 lived to reach Handel, a fortified town, and that in so miserable a condition that 564 more died soon after, and the remaining 1,436 were obliged to march over mountains almost inaccessible; so that only 870 Finlanders arrived at Donnaschants in Sweden. In short, the number of those who perished in this march amounted to 5,200, out of an

army which mustered 7,300 when they broke up from Drontheim.*

But the disastrous effect of cold on a retreating army was never more remarkably exemplified than in the return of Bonaparte from Moscow. You remember the insolent triumph with which, after having captured several of the capitals of the continent of Europe, he marched to invade the Russian empire at the head of an army of nearly half a million of soldiers. He did, indeed, possess himself of the ancient capital of that empire also. *Sed qualis rediit?* The determination of the Russians to resist the aggressor to the utmost, and at the expense of any sacrifice, even the voluntary burning of their ancient beloved city, compelled him to remeasure his steps over a country which he himself had laid waste, at a period of the year when frost and snow, co-operating with the strenuous efforts of his enemies, so harassed and discomfited him, that, out of that immense army, not more than 10,000 Frenchmen and 25,000 auxiliaries lived to return to their native country; and, notwithstanding repeated desperate efforts, made in vain, for awhile afterwards,

"He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale."

The Emperor of the French left Moscow on the 19th of October, when he had ascertained the extent to which the fire had destroyed the resources on which he had depended for the subsistence of his army during the winter, and by the time that he had reached Smolensko, the frost had become intense; and although he had left Moscow with 120,000 men, and the fragments of various divisions besides had assembled here, it was with great difficulty that 40,000 men could now be brought together in fighting order. The troops often performed their march by night, by the light of torches, in the hopes of escaping their merciless pursuers. When they halted, they fell asleep by hundreds to awake no more: their enemies found them frozen to death around the ashes of their watch-fires. The horses, having been ill-fed for some time, were equally unable to resist the united effects of cold and fatigue: they sank and stiffened by hundreds and by thousands. The starving soldiers slew others of these animals that they might wrap themselves in their warm skins or mitigate the severity of the blast by taking refuge within their disembowelled carcasses. But enough of these horrors.——

The immediate cause of death by cold is apoplexy. The heart is arrested and paralysed in the exercise of its office, and no longer supplies the brain with arterial blood. Nor is the blood thrown with sufficient force to the extremities. It accumulates, therefore, in the large vessels proceeding immediately from the main spring, and there is no ingress for the blood returning from the brain. The large sinuses, therefore, become overgorged, and apoplexy follows.

The transition from life to death, by cold, is easy. The period of suffering is much abridged where despondency, privation, and fatigue—all of which are likely to be the fate of a retreating army—combine with cold. The unhappy, benumbed being feels quite easy; he complains that he cannot move, in answer to solicitation to exert himself, and only desires to be left quiet. Insensibility steals softly over all his system, as the pressure upon the brain increases, and death, at length, sets his imprisoned spirit free.

When the cold has not been severe enough to destroy life entirely, it mutilates the extremities, and mortification ensues from a want of circulation. The Lascars who arrive in this country from India, in the winter season, are very prone to this effect of a climate so much colder than their native one, as the records of the hospitals in the city abundantly prove.

Analogous to this is the mortification which sometimes occurs to elderly persons from ossification of the arteries of the extremities. The blood-vessels having become impervious, the vital principle no longer pervades the feet and the toes, and they perish in consequence.

In confirmation of this opinion of the effect of cold in a severe degree upon the human frame under depression of spirits, and privation, and fatigue, and of its influence also short of fatality, I have an unpublished narrative of the misfortunes encountered by four English gentlemen in a pedestrian expedition from Contamine to Col de Bonhomme, in Switzerland. The walk is one of about three hours in common circumstances. One of the party was a clergyman, who had lately lost his wife, and had been recommended to travel, in order to dissipate his sorrows. He set out with his companions, and a guide, on the 12th of September, 1830, at six o'clock in the morning, after a light breakfast. It had snowed in the night, and was raining a little when they started; but in a short time it began to snow again, and continued to snow during the whole of their passage. The path was soon obliterated, and they lost their way. After walking seven hours, the clergyman complained of his inability to proceed further. He said he could not move his legs. The danger of stopping, however, was pointed out. He was encouraged to go on, and was supported, assisted, carried; but at length he entreated that he might be left, adding that he was quite easy, ready to fall asleep, and must stay where he was. They then wrapped him up in his cloak, and left him, and proceeded as well as they were

* From the Historical Register for the year 1719. Vol. iv., p. 208, 210

able; but at the end of eight hours, when they had at last regained the path, and had arrived within a quarter of an hour's walk of the place of their destination, another of the gentlemen failed in his strength, and could go on no longer. The other two, and the guide, attempted to carry him, but they fell headlong continually into the snow, and further exertions to assist him appearing vain, and only to endanger their own safety, he, too, was left wrapped up, as well as they could wrap him, and seated upon two knapsacks; and they redoubled their efforts to reach the Col de Bonhomme, in order to send assistance to him. They soon reached it, and instantly despatched seven men to bring him in. He was brought in, in the course of an hour, alive, it is true, but he died the next day. A third lost three of his fingers soon after at Geneva; and the fourth escaped unhurt. I need not add that the poor clergyman was found a corpse.

Yet a cold climate, with the appliances of art, is not insalubrious, nor even incompatible with long life. The proportion of deaths annually in Switzerland is one in fifty-nine. The proportion in this country is one in sixty; though in the metropolis and in Birmingham it is one in forty, if we may believe the latest statistical account. In France, throughout the whole of it, it is said to be one in forty; in Italy one in thirty-three; in Rome one in twenty-eight; owing, perhaps, to a malaria there. But what shall we say of Russia? I was informed by the late Russian Ambassador, that there was a level country of about 100 leagues square, sloping to the south, on the borders of Siberia, where a year rarely passed in the course of which some person did not die at the age of 130. The question one asked, of course, was—"Can you depend upon your registers there?" To which the reply was—"Anybody who knows the practices of the Greek Church will tell you that the bishops are more careful of their registration there, if possible, than your parochial clergy are in Great Britain."* Is it, then, that these people are longer in coming to their maturity than the inhabitants of southern latitudes, and proportionably slower in their decline and decay, as the oaks of the forest are compared with other trees? Or are they the Hyperborei of the ancients? of whose happiness we read in the Choephori of Æschylus, as if it were proverbial. We must presume that these people have the power of counteracting the effects of great cold by artificial resources, as experience and modern ingenuity contrive to provide for the safety of our mariners who have been exposed frequently of late years, almost with impunity, to the rigours of a winter even at the pole.

Such precautions were not known at the time that Sir Hugh Willoughby sailed on a voyage of discovery in those regions, in the reign of King Edward VI., in 1555, and he perished by cold, with all his crew, in Lapland. But now every practicable appliance, on shipboard, is made available as a shelter and protection against great cold; whilst the soldier on a march, not caring to embarrass himself with cumbrous defensive clothing against only a contingent evil, has no resource against frost and snow, if they should occur, by which he can resist their effects, and he is sometimes arrested and surprised, thereby, into his destruction. I have noticed the dreadful calamities by which whole armies have been overtaken and almost annihilated, both in ancient and modern times, by frost and snow; nor has *this* nation not experienced its sufferings from the same causes, as British officers, who served in Holland, in 1794, (when the Waal and other rivers of that country were frozen over,) will tell you. Yet it is found that the life of a soldier is more favourable to longevity than that of the sailor. I have the returns of the establishments of Greenwich and Chelsea Hospitals, the former of which (Greenwich) contains 2,710 pensioners—the latter (Chelsea) only 509. Now it has been stated to me, that of the 2,710, several reach the age of 80 and even 90 years, but very rarely indeed 100: whereas at Chelsea, containing only 509, scarcely a year passes in which some one does not die at 100.

Whether a better reason than the accidents of the two services for the greater facility of reaching old age on the part of the soldier than the sailor may not be found in this consideration, that the soldier does not commence his military life before his frame has completely developed itself; whereas the sailor enters upon his duties whilst yet a youth, his manhood remaining to be perfected on harder and less wholesome fare. This I leave to your better judgment to determine; nor will I trespass longer on your patience than whilst I assure you that I believe if we would exert our charity most beneficently, most usefully, within the range of our influence, we should clothe the poor at home, and keep them warm in winter, as well as feed them.

* It is stated in a late number of the French Moniteur, that in the year 1835, there died in the Russian empire 416 persons of 100 years of age and upwards,—that the oldest was 135 years, and that there were 111 above 110 years old.

INDIA RUBBER, A CENTURY SINCE.

Every day's experience adds to our conviction of the truth of the wise man's proverb, that there is nothing new under the sun. Year after year, the contrivances of our forefathers are patented as the inventions of our own times; and so enveloped are we in the enlightenment of our own age, that we are

(Trees which yield India Rubber, or Caoutchouc.)

too apt to be blind to the excellence of its predecessors. Every generation is wisest in its own conceit, and the present is continually over-rated at the expense of the past. Who would think that India Rubber Cloaks were worn in South America a hundred years since? Yet such, forsooth, is the plain fact of history; and, disinclined as we are to rob Mr. Mackintosh of a jot of the merit of his adaptation, the invention must be awarded to remote times: indeed, it is almost one of the antiquities of the New World. The other day, a friend, in turning over a dusty volume in choice Spanish, found this confirmation strong in good, plain phrase; the title of the volume being *La Monarchia Indiana*. Madrid. folio. 1723. Tom. ii., lib. xiv., cap. 43, p. 623; translated as follows:—

The title of the Chapter is "Of very profitable trees in New Spain, from which there distil various Liquors and Resins;" and the author, at the page above cited goes on to say:—

"There is another tree called *UlquaAuill*, which is much valued, and which grows in the hot countries, (*tierras cahientes*:) it is not very high, and has broad leaves of an ash colour. From this tree there exudes a kind of milk, very white, thick, and adhesive, and in great quantity. To obtain it, the tree is cut or notched by a hatchet, and from the punctures, the above-mentioned liquor distils. To receive it, the natives place round vessels which they call *xicalli*, and use calabashes, in such form and number as they think proper; in these the liquor coagulates, and when this has taken place, they put it into hot water on the fire, and make it into round balls of such size as they think fit, and as appears to them to be suitable for the uses they have for it. In this state, they call it *ulli*. The Indians who have no calabashes to receive the milk, smear their bodies over with it, (nature always affording a resource to industry,) and after it has become dried, they take off the coating they have thus made or fabricated, resembling a piece of skin, and having the form of the sinews, very smooth, and of the size and thickness that they please to give it. Of the milk thus coagulated, they make balls, boiling them in water, and with these they formerly played; the balls rebounding very high, when struck to the ground. In the game of ball, however,

(*juego de la pelota,*) described in another place, the ball never touches the ground."

"From this *ulli* an oil is obtained very valuable for many purposes, and of which the natives made great use before the conquest; nor have they now forgotten its usefulness; for it is very mild and softening, and especially serves to relax the chest when constricted by any cold. The oil is melted out by means of fire. The *ulli* itself, as I have already said, is so elastic that there is nothing to which it can be compared. The oil is taken in drink with cocoa, and softens any other medicine which may be of a hard quality, combining itself with it.

"It is of advantage in the dysentery, and is given in drink to stop the flow of blood. The *ulli* is so strong in itself, after it is coagulated, that a breastplate made of it will allow the point of no arrow to pass through, but repels and turns it off by its elastic and sinewy quality.

"The kings and nobles of Mexico were formerly accustomed to have sandals and shoes, according to their usage, made of this *ulli*, and to command the jesters and buffoons, dwarfs, and crookbacks of their palaces to be shod with them, to afford diversion; for, not being able to walk in them without falling, they tumbled at almost every step, which produced great amusement, and became the motive of many witty words and sayings, and of tricks and gesticulations which were thereby occasioned.

"Our people, (the Spaniards,) make use of the *ulli* to varnish their *cloaks* made of hempen cloth, *for wet weather*, which are good to resist water, but not against the sun, by whose heat and rays the *ulli* is dissolved."

In page 552 of the same volume, the author describing the Mexican game of *la Pelota*, states that the ball, (*pelota,*) was made of *ulli*. In pages 267 and 280, he speaks of the use of the material in the religious ceremonies of the Mexicans; and in 83 and 180, he mentions that in their sacrifices of human beings, the priests mixed it with the blood of their victims.

India Rubber is not known in Mexico at the present day by any other name than that of *ulli*. And the oiled silk covering of hats very generally used throughout the country by all travellers is always called *ulli*.

The Public Journals.

THE COBBLER OF DORT.

By the Author of "Mephistopheles in England."

EVERY one knows what sort of character a cobbler is; but a Dutch cobbler is the *beau idéal* of the tribe, and the cobbler of Dort deserved to be king of all the cobblers in Holland. He was the finest specimen of "the profession" it was possible to meet with; a profession, by the by, which his forefathers from time immemorial had followed; for none of them had ever been, or ever aspired to be, shoe-makers. Jacob could not be said to be tall, unless a height of five feet one is so considered. His body was what is usually called "punchy;" his head round like a ball, so that it appeared upon his shoulders like a Dutch cheese on a firkin of butter; and his face having been well seamed by the ravages of the small-pox, closely resembled a battered nutmeg-grater, with a tremendous gap at the bottom for a mouth, a fiery excrescence just above it for a nose, and two dents higher still, in which were placed a pair of twinkling eyes. Much cannot be said of his dress, which had little in it differing from that of other cobblers. A red, woollen cap ornamented his head,—a part of his person that certainly required some decoration; long sleeves, of a fabric which could only be guessed at, in consequence of their colour, cased his arms; half a dozen waistcoats of various materials covered the upper part of his body; and his nether garments were hid under an immense, thick, leathern apron,—a sort of heir-loom of the family.

But Jacob had other *habits* beside these;—he drank much—he smoked more—and had an equal partiality for songs and pickled herrings.

Jacob Kats had been diligently waxing some flax preparatory to commencing the repairs of a burgomaster's nursery-maid's shoe, occasionally stopping in his task to moisten his throat with the contents of the flask, which, either from a prodigal meal of pickled herrings having made him more thirsty than usual, or the Schiedam appearing more excellent, had been raised to his mouth so often that day, that it had tinged his nose to a more luminous crimson, and had given to his eyes a more restless twinkling, than either had known for some time; when, having prepared his thread, laid it carefully on his knee ready for immediate use, and placed the object on which his skill was to be exercised close at hand, he turned his attention to his pipe,—it being an invariable rule of his progenitors never to attempt anything of importance without first seeking the stimulating influence of the Virginian weed. On examining his stock of tobacco, he discovered that he had barely enough for one pipe.

"Donner und blitzen! no more? Bah! I wish to the Teufel my pipe would never want refilling," exclaimed the cobbler of Dort, filling the bowl with the remains of the tobacco; and then, having ignited it with the assistance of flint, steel, and German tinder, puffed away at the tube, consoling himself with the reflection that, when his labour was done, he should be able to procure a fresh supply. He smoked and stitched, and stitched, and smoked, and smoked

and stitched again, and, while his fumigations kept pace with his arms, his thoughts were by no means idle; for, to tell the exact truth, he became conscious of a flow of ideas more numerous and more ambitious than he had ever previously conceived. Among other notions which hurried one another through his pericranium, was one particularly interesting to himself. He thought it was high time to attempt something to prevent the ancient family of the Kats becoming extinct, as he was now on the shady side of forty, enjoying in single blessedness the dignities of Cobbler of Dort, and, if such a state continued, stood an excellent chance of being the last of his name who had filled that honourable capacity. He could not help condemning the taste of the girls of his native town, who had never looked favourably upon his advantages: even Maria Van Bree, a fair widow who had signified her affection every day for fifteen years by repeating a joke upon his nose, only last week had blighted his dearest hopes by marrying an old fellow with no nose at all. Jacob thought of his solitary condition, and fancied himself miserable. He became sentimental. His stitches were made with a melancholy precision, and in the intensity of his affliction he puffed his miserable pipe; but as song was the medium through which he always expressed his emotions, his grief was not tuneless.

The conclusion of a pathetic verse brought to his mind the extraordinary circumstance of his pipe, (the one he had been smoking,) continuing to be vigorously puffed long after it had usually required replenishing. He might have exhausted three in the same time. He also became conscious of a curious, burning sensation spreading from immediately under his red cap to the very extremities of his ten toes. The smoke he inhaled seemed very hot; and the alarm which his observations on these matters created was considerably increased by hearing a roar of small, shrill laughter burst from under his very nose!

"Donner und blitzen!" exclaimed the bewildered cobbler, as he took the pipe out of his mouth, and looked around him to discover from whence the sounds proceeded.

"Smoke away, old boy! Smoke away! You won't smoke me out in a hurry, I can tell ye."

Jacob directed his eyes to the place from whence came this strange address, and his astonishment may be imagined at perceiving that *the words were uttered by his pipe!* The ill-looking, black satyr, carved on the bowl, seemed to cock his eye at him in the most impertinent manner, twisted his mouth into all sorts of diabolical grimaces, and laughed till the tears ran down his sooty cheeks. Jacob was, as he himself expressed it, "struck all of a heap."

"You know you wished to the Teufel your pipe would never require refilling," said the voice as plainly as it could, while laughing all the time; "so your desire is now gratified. You may smoke me till the day of judgement."

Jacob, in fear and trembling, recalled to mind his impious wish; and even his regret for having been jilted by the widow Van Bree was forgotten in the intensity of his alarm.

"Smoke away, Jacob Kats!—I'm full of capital tobacco," continued the little wretch, with a chuckle.

The terrified cobbler was thinking of refusing, yet too much afraid of the consequences: while his tormentor, distorting his hideous features into a more abominable grin, shrieked out in his shrill treble, "You *must* smoke me—no use refusing *now!* Here I am, old boy, with a full bowl that will never burn out—never, never, never! so you'd best smoke." And then, as if noticing his indecision, he exclaimed, with a fresh burst of horrid laughter, "Well, if you won't, I'll make you: so, here goes!" and, before his wretched victim was aware of the manœuvre, he jumped stem foremost into his mouth.

"Now, smoke away, old boy, or worse will follow!" said the little satyr threateningly.

Jacob was in such a state of fright that he did not dare to refuse; but the first mouthful of smoke he inhaled seemed to choke him, as if it were the burning fumes of sulphur, and gasping for breath, he brushed the pipe from his mouth.

"Smoke away, Jacob!—capital tobacco!" screamed the voice in a roar of more fiendish mirth, as he immediately regained his position. In vain, with one hand after the other, the miserable cobbler knocked the pipe from between his teeth: as fast as he struck it away, it returned to the same place. "Smoke away, old boy!" continued his unrelenting enemy, as often as his fits of laughter would allow. "Smoke away!—capital tobacco!"

Jacob Kats seemed in despair, when casting his eyes upon his lapstone, a way of getting rid of the accursed pipe presented itself to his mind. He threw down the grinning demon on the floor, and with his lapstone raised above his head was about to crush it at a blow.—"Smoke away, old boy!" fixing itself again firmly between his teeth, before Jacob had time to put his intention into execution, jeeringly continued the detested voice; "smoke away!—capital tobacco!"

With one great effort, such as great minds have recourse to on great occasions, Jacob let fall the stone, with a vigorous grasp caught hold of the grinning pipe, and, as he thought, before it could make a guess at what he was about to do, dashed it into a thousand pieces upon the lapstone at his feet.

"Donner und blitzen!" cried the delight-

ed cobbler; "I have done for you now!"—Alas for all sublunary pleasures!—alas for all worldly convictions!—instead of his enemy being broken into a thousand pieces, it was multiplied into a thousand pipes,—every one a fac-simile of the original, each possessing the same impertinent cock of the eye, each disclosing the same satirical twist of the mouth, and all laughing like a troop of hyenas, and shouting in chorus, "Smoke away! smoke away, old boy!—capital tobacco!"

The patience of a Dutchman may be great, but the concentrated patience of all Holland could not stand unmoved on so trying an occasion as that which occurred to Jacob Kats. He saw his multitudinous tormentors form into regular rank and file, and then, as if his mouth had been a breach which he had "armed to the teeth," they presented their stems like so many bayonets, and charged in military fashion, screaming, laughing, and shouting, in a manner sufficiently terrible to scare the senses out of all the cobblers in Christendom. Slowly the trembling wretch retreated before the threatening phalanx; but he was surrounded—his back was against the wall—there was no escape; and with one leap the enemy were in the citadel. Extraordinary as it may appear, Jacob did not lose his presence of mind. As they were all jostling, and giggling, and crying out to be smoked, the unconquered cobbler firmly grasped the whole mass of his foes in both his hands to make a last attempt at their destruction, by throwing them into a tub of water in which he soaked his leather, that happened to be just within reach; but, in a manner inexplicable to him, he felt that the more vigorously he grasped them in a body, the more rapidly they seemed to shrink from his touch, till nothing was left but the original pipe, which sudddenly slipped out of his hands.

"Well, then, you *won't* smoke me," coolly remarked the sooty demon;—"but," added he, in tones that made the marrow in Jacob's bones turn cold as ice, "I'LL SMOKE YOU!"

While the last of the family of the Kats was reflecting upon the meaning of those mysterious words, to his increasing horror he observed the well-smoked features of the satyr gradually swell into an enormous bulk of countenance, as the same process of enlargement transformed the stem into legs, arms, and body, proportionately huge and terrific; but the monstrous face still wore its original expression, and seemed to the unhappy Dutchman as if he was looking at the cock of his eye through a microscope. Without saying a word, the monster, with the finger and thumb of his right hand, caught up Jacob Kats by the middle, just as an ordinary man would take up an ordinary pipe, and with his left hand twisted one of his victim's legs over the other, as if they had been made of wax, till they came to a tolerable point at the foot; then taking from a capacious pocket at his side a moderate-sized piece of tobacco, with the utmost impudence imaginable, he rubbed it briskly upon Jacob's unfortunate nose, which, as would any fiery nose under such circumstances, was burning with indignation; and the weed immediately igniting, as the poor cobbler lay with his head down gasping for breath, he thrust the flaming mass into his mouth, extended a pair of jaws that looked like the lock of the Grand Canal, quietly raised Jacob's foot between them, and immediately began to smoke with the energy of a steam-engine! Miserable Jacob Kats!—what agonies he endured! At every whiff the inhuman smoker took, he could feel the narcotic vapour, hot as a living coal, drawn rapidly down his throat, through his veins and out at his toes, to be puffed in huge volumes out of the monster's mouth, till the place was filled with the smoke. Jacob felt that his teeth were red-hot—that his tongue was a cinder,—and big drops of perspiration coursed each other down his burning cheeks, like the waves of the Zuyder Zee on the shore when the tide is running up. Jacob looked pitiably at his tormentor, and thought he discerned a glimpse of relenting in the atrocious ugliness of his physiognomy. He unclosed his enormous jaws, and removed from them the foot of his victim. The cobbler of Dort congratulated himself on the approach of his release.

"Jacob Kats, my boy!" exclaimed the giant, in that quiet patronizing kind of voice all great men affect, carelessly balancing Jacob on his finger and thumb at a little distance from his mouth, as he threw out a long wreath of acrid smoke; "Jacob, you are a capital pipe,—there's no denying *that*. You smoke admirably,—take my word for it;" and then, without a word of pity or consolation, he resumed his unnatural fumigations with more fierceness than ever. Jacob had behaved like a martyr,—he had shown a spirit worthy of the Kats in their best days; but the impertinence of such conduct was not to be endured. He would a minute since have allowed himself to have been dried into a Westphalia ham, to which state he had been rapidly progressing; but the insult he had just received had roused the dormant spirit of resistance in his nature; and, while every feature in his tyrant's smoky face seemed illuminated with a thousand sardonic grins, having no better weapon at hand, Jacob hastily snatched the red cap off his head, and, taking deliberate aim at his persecutor, flung it bang into the very cock of his eye. The monster opened his jaws to utter a yell of agony, and down came the head of Jacob Kats upon the floor, that left him without sense or motion.

How long the cobbler of Dort remained in

this unenviable situation it is impossible to say, but he was first recalled to consciousness by a loud knocking at the door of his stall.

"Jacob! Jacob Kats!" exclaimed the well-known voice of his fair customer, in a tone of considerable impatience; and Jacob, missing himself on his elbows, discovered that he had fallen back off his stool; and the empty flask at his side, and the unfinished work on his lap, while they gave him a tolerably correct notion of his condition, did not suggest any remedy for the fatal consequences of disappointing the burgomaster's nursery-maid. It is only necessary to add, that, with considerable difficulty, he managed to satisfy his important patroness; but to the very day of his death, Jacob, who proved to be the last of the long dynasty of Kats who enjoyed the dignity inseparable from the situation of the Cobbler of Dort, could not, with any degree of satisfaction, make up his mind as to whether the strange effects he had that eventful day experienced had been caused by extraordinary indulgence in the luxury of pickled herrings,—or too prodigal allowance of Schiedam,—or intense disappointment for the loss of the widow Van Bree.

Abridged from Bentley's Miscellany.

New Books.

LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(*Continued from page* 206.)

[Our extracts from the present portion terminate with the year 1803; and the volume itself closes with the account of the publication of Sir Tristrem, in 1804—a tedious affair, by the way.]

Scott's Academical Studies.

I shall only add to what he sets down on the subject of his early academical studies, that in this, as in almost every case, he appears to have underrated his own attainments. He had, indeed, no pretensions to the name of an extensive, far less of an accurate, Latin scholar; but he could read, I believe, any Latin author, of any age, so as to catch without difficulty his meaning; and although his favourite Latin poet, as well as historian, in later days, was Buchanan, he had preserved, or subsequently acquired, a strong relish for some others of more ancient date. I may mention in particular, Lucan and Claudian. Of Greek, he does not exaggerate in saying that he had forgotten even the alphabet; for he was puzzled with the words δοῦλος and πολίτης, which he had occasion to introduce, from some authority on his table, into his "Introduction to Popular Poetry," written in April, 1830; and happening to be in the house with him at the time, he sent for me to insert them for him in his MS. Mr. Irving has informed us of the early period at which he enjoyed the real Tasso and Ariosto. I presume he had at least as soon as this enabled himself to read Gil Blas in the original; and, in all probability, we may refer to the same time of his life, or one not much later, his acquisition of as much Spanish as served for the Guerras Civiles de Granada, Lazarillo de Tormes, and, above all, Don Quixote. He read all these languages in after-life with about the same facility. I never but once heard him attempt to speak any of them, and that was when some of the courtiers of Charles X. came to Abbotsford, soon after that unfortunate prince took up his residence for the second time at Holyroodhouse. Finding that one or two of these gentlemen could speak no English at all, he made some efforts to amuse them in their own language after the champagne had been passing briskly round the table; and I was amused next morning with the expression of one of the party, who, alluding to the sort of reading in which Sir Walter seemed to have chiefly occupied himself, said, "Mon Dieu! comme il est tropiait, entre deux vins, le Français du bon sire de Joinville!" Of all these tongues, as of German somewhat later, he acquired as much as was needful for his own purposes, of which a critical study of any foreign language made at no time any part. In them he sought for incidents, and he found images; but for the treasures of diction he was content to dig on British soil. He had all he wanted in the old wells of "English undefiled," and the still living, though fast shrinking waters of that sister idiom which had not always, as he flattered himself, deserved the name of a dialect.

As may be said, I believe, with perfect truth of every really great man, Scott was self-educated in every branch of knowledge which he ever turned to account in the works of his genius—and he has himself told us that his real studies were those lonely and desultory ones of which he has given a copy in the first chapter of Waverley, where the hero is represented as "driving through the sea of books, like a vessel without pilot or rudder;" that is to say, obeying nothing but the strong breath of native inclination;—"He had read, and stored in a memory of uncommon tenacity, much curious, though ill arranged and miscellaneous information. In English literature, he was master of Shakspeare and Milton, of our earlier dramatic authors, of many picturesque and interesting passages from our old historical chronicles, and was particularly well acquainted with Spenser, Drayton, and other poets, who have exercised themselves on romantic fiction,—*of all themes the most fascinating to a youthful imagination, before the passions have roused*

themselves, and demand poetry of a more sentimental description."* I need not repeat his enumeration of other favourites, Pulci, the Decameron, Froissart, Brantome, Delanoue, and the chivalrous and romantic lore of Spain. I have quoted a passage so well known, only for the sake of the striking circumstance by which it marks the very early date of these multifarious studies.

Scott and Jeffrey.

On the 4th of January, 1791, Scott was admitted a member of *the Speculative Society*, where it had, long before, been the custom of those about to be called to the bar, and those who, after assuming the gown, were left in possession of leisure by the solicitors, to train or exercise themselves in the arts of elocution and debate.

Lord Jeffrey remembers being struck, the first night he spent at the Speculative, with the singular appearance of the secretary, who sat gravely at the bottom of the table in a huge woollen night-cap; and when the president took the chair, pleaded a bad tooth-ache as his apology for coming into that worshipful assembly in such a "portentous machine." He read that night an essay on ballads, which so much interested the new member, that he requested to be introduced to him. Mr. Jeffrey called on him next evening, and found him "in a small den, on the sunk floor of his father's house, in George's-square, surrounded with dingy books," from which they adjourned to a tavern, and supped together. Such was the commencement of an acquaintance, which by degrees ripened into friendship, between the two most distinguished men of letters whom Edinburgh produced in their time. I may add here the description of that early *den*, with which I am favoured by a lady of Scott's family. "Walter had soon begun to collect out-of-the-way things of all sorts. He had more books than shelves; a small painted cabinet, with Scotch and Roman coins in it, and so forth. A claymore and Lochaber axe, given him by old Invernahyle, mounted guard on a little print of Prince Charlie; and *Broughton's Saucer* was hooked up against the wall below it." Such was the germ of the magnificent library and museum of Abbotsford; and such were the "new realms" in which he, on taking possession, had arranged his little paraphernalia about him "with all the feelings of novelty and liberty." Since those days the habits of life in Edinburgh, as elsewhere, have undergone many changes, and the "convenient parlour," in which Scott first showed Jeffrey his collections of minstrelsy, is now, in all probability, thought hardly good enough for a menial's sleeping room.

* Waverley, vol. i. p. 32.

Scott and Monk Lewis.

When Lewis reached Edinburgh, in 1798, he met Scott accordingly, and the latter told Allan Cunningham, thirty years afterwards, that he thought he had never felt such elation as when the "Monk" invited him to dine with him for the first time at his hotel. Since he gazed on Burns in his seventeenth year, he had seen no one enjoying, by general consent, the fame of a poet; and Lewis, whatever Scott might, on maturer consideration, think of his title to such fame, had certainly done him no small service; for the ballads of "Alonzo the brave and the Fair Imogine," and "Durandarte," had rekindled effectually in his breast the spark of poetical ambition. Lady Charlotte Campbell (now Bury), always distinguished by her passion for elegant letters, was ready, "in pride of rank, in beauty's bloom," to do the honours of Scotland to the "Lion of Mayfair;" and I believe Scott's first introduction to Lewis took place at one of her Ladyship's parties. But they met frequently, and, among other places, at Dalkeith—as witness one of Scott's marginal notes, written in 1825, on Lord Byron's Diary.—"Poor fellow," says Byron, "he died a martyr to his new riches—of a second visit to Jamaica."

> "I'd give the lands of Deloraine
> Dark Musgrave were alive again;"

that is,

> "I would give many a sugar-cane
> Monk Lewis were alive again."

To which Scott adds:—"I would pay my share! how few friends one has whose faults are only ridiculous. His visit was one of humanity to ameliorate the condition of his slaves. He did much good by stealth and was a most generous creature * * * * Lewis was fonder of great people than he ought to have been, either as a man of talent or as a man of fashion. He had always dukes and duchesses in his mouth, and was pathetically fond of any one that had a title. You would have sworn he had been a *parvenu* of yesterday, yet he had lived all his life in good society * * * * Mat had queerish eyes—they projected like those of some insects, and were flattish on the orbit. His person was extremely small and boyish—he was indeed the least man I ever saw, to be strictly well and neatly made. I remember a picture of him by Saunders being handed round at Dalkeith House. The artist had ingeniously flung a dark folding-mantle around the form, under which was half hid a dagger, a dark lantern, or some such cut-throat appurtenance; with all this the features were preserved and ennobled. It passed from hand to hand into that of Henry, Duke of Buccleuch, who, hearing the general voice affirm that it was very like, said aloud, 'Like Mat Lewis! Why that picture's like A MAN!' He looked, and lo,

Mat Lewis's head was at his elbow. This boyishness went through life with him. He was a child, and a spoiled child, but a child of high imagination; and so he wasted himself on ghost-stories and German romances. He had the finest ear for rhythm I ever met with—finer than Byron's."

The Ettrick Shepherd.

The personal history of James Hogg must have interested Scott even more than any acquisition of that sort which he owed to this acquaintance with, perhaps, the most remarkable man that ever wore the *maud* of a shepherd. But I need not here repeat a tale which his own language will convey to the latest posterity. Under the garb, aspect, and bearing of a rude peasant—and rude enough he was in most of these things, even after no inconsiderable experience of society—Scott found a brother poet, a true son of nature and genius, hardly conscious of his powers. He had taught himself to write by copying the letters of a printed book as he lay watching his flock on the hill-side, and had probably reached the utmost pitch of his ambition when he first found that his artless rhymes could touch the heart of the ewe-milker who partook the shelter of his mantle during the passing storm. As yet his naturally kind and simple character had not been exposed to any of the dangerous flatteries of the world; his heart was pure—his enthusiasm buoyant as that of a happy child; and well as Scott knew that reflection, sagacity, wit, and wisdom were scattered abundantly among the humblest rangers of these pastoral solitudes, there was here a depth and a brightness that filled him with wonder, combined with a quaintness of humour, and a thousand little touches of absurdity, which afforded him more entertainment, as I have often heard him say, than the best comedy that ever set the pit in a roar.

Scott's Visit to London—1803.

Heber, and Mackintosh then at the height of his reputation as a conversationist, and daily advancing also at the Bar, had been ready to welcome Scott in town as old friends; and Rogers, William Stuart Rose, and several other men of literary eminence were at the same time added to the list of his acquaintance. His principal object, however, —having missed Leydon—was to peruse and make extracts from some MSS. in the library of John, Duke of Roxburghe, for the illustration of the Tristrem; and he derived no small assistance in other researches of the like kind from the collections which the indefatigable and obliging Douce placed at his disposal. Having completed these labours, he and Mrs. Scott went, with Heber and Douce, to Sunninghill, where they spent a happy week, and Mr. and Mrs. Ellis heard the first two or three cantos of the Lay of the Last Minstrel read under an old oak in Windsor Forest.

From thence they proceeded to Oxford, accompanied by Heber; and it was on this occasion, as I believe, that Scott first saw his friend's brother, Reginald, in after-days the apostolic Bishop of Calcutta. He had just been declared the successful competitor for that year's poetical prize, and read to Scott at breakfast, in Brazen Nose College, the MS. of his "Palestine." Scott observed that, in the verses on Solomon's Temple, one striking circumstance had escaped him, namely, that no tools were used in its erection. Reginald retired for a few minutes to the corner of the room, and returned with the beautiful lines,—

"No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung,
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.
Majestic silence," &c.

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.

Messrs. Longman's new edition of the first two volumes of the Minstrelsy consisted of 1,000 copies—of volume third there were 1,500. A complete edition of 1,250 copies followed in 1806; a fourth, also of 1,250, in 1810; a fifth of 1,500, in 1812; a sixth of 500, in 1820; and since then it has been incorporated in various successive editions of Scott's Collected Poetry—to the extent of at least 15,000 copies more. Of the Continental and American editions, I can say nothing, except that they have been very numerous. The book was soon translated into German, Danish, and Swedish; and, the structure of those languages being very favourable to the undertaking, the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border has thus become widely naturalized among nations themselves rich in similar treasures of legendary lore. Of the extraordinary accuracy and felicity of the German version of Schubart, Scott has given some specimens in the last edition which he himself superintended—that of 1830.

The Gatherer.

Madame Catalani.—Sir A. B. Falkner, in his *Tour*, notes:—I have a pleasure in speaking about Catalani, if it was only for the devotion she feels for England, which amounts to a passion, and is shown in every thing she says or does. Catalani, in fact, swears by England—she has English grates, English carpets, English chairs, English bedsteads, and bed-curtains, and the beds are covered with our counterpanes. She never speaks of England but with enthusiasm, and, if her arrangements will permit, she does not despair of passing the remainder of her life on our shores. Catalani is an universal favourite in all the best society at Florence, on account of qualities that will long survive her voice, for it need hardly be remarked that her vocal powers are a little on the wane.

Sir Walter Scott at Pompeii.—None of the manuscripts are ever allowed to be taken out of the library at Pompeii without special permission from government. The rule, however, was waived in favour of Sir Walter Scott, who became a prodigious favourite with his present majesty. The novelist was anxious to take a copy of a particular legend, but found it impossible to obtain leave, but on the condition of transcribing it within the walls of the library. Sir Walter wrote direct to the king, and an order was immediately in the hands of the curator to place the manuscript at his disposal, with a verbal message to say that he was at perfect liberty to take it to his house, and retain it as long as he liked. During his short stay, we are told he occupied himself laboriously in preparing matter for a new romance, founded on the story of Massaniello, when he was compelled, by the rapid decline of his health, to set out for England.—*Sir A. B. Falkner.*

The Garden of Gethsemane.—This garden is now surrounded by a coarse low wall, of a few feet in height, and about a third part of an acre in extent. When Mr. Catherwood was there in 1834, taking the drawings for his beautiful Panorama of Jerusalem, it was planted with olive, almond, and fig trees. Eight of the olive trees are so large that they are said to have been in existence ever since the time of Jesus Christ, although we are informed by Josephus that Titus cut down all the trees within 100 furlongs of the city; yet it is not improbable that these trees which are unquestionably of very great antiquity, may have arisen from the roots of the ancient trees, because the olive is very long lived, and possesses the peculiar property of shooting up again, however frequently it may be cut down. The trees now standing in the garden of Gethsemane are of the species known to botanists as the Olea Europea; they are wild olives, and appear pollarded from extreme old age, and their stems are very rough and gnarled. They are highly venerated by the members of the Roman communion here, who consider any attempt to cut or injure them as an act of profanation. Should any one of them, indeed, be known to pluck any of the leaves, he would incur a sentence of excommunication.—*Finden's Illustrations to the Bible.*

A "Learned" M.P.—A worthy Welch baronet, distinguished for his maritime exploits, was lately asked by one of his constituents who chanced to be in town at the time, for an order of admission into the House. With his characteristic disposition to oblige, Sir ——— immediately complied with the request, and wrote an order in the usual terms, and addressed it thus—"To the Door Ceeper of the House of Commons" The person for whom it was intended, discovered the error in the spelling after he had gone ten or twelve yards from the worthy baronet, and turning back and running up to him said, "Oh, Sir ——— there is a mistake in the word 'keeper;' you have spelt it with a *c* instead of a *k*."—"A mistake!" responded the baronet, taking the order into his hand, "Not a bit of a mistake is there in it. both ways are right—quite right my friend," at the same time returning the order uncorrected to his constituent.—*Random Recollections of the House of Commons.*

Isaac Walton.—The late Dr. Hawes, of Salisbury, has bequeathed to the National Gallery the original portrait, (by Housman,) of his ancestor, Isaac Walton, the elder, the celebrated piscator.

Absence of Mind.—The following wonderful case lately occurred. Mr. ——, of the Regent's Park, was enjoying his newspaper one morning last week, when a tailor's clerk was announced, and presented his master's bill. Mr. — glanced at the amount, mechanically put his hand into his pocket, and paid it.

British Museum.—On Easter Monday, there were no fewer than 23,000 visiters, about one-third of the number that have usually visited the Museum in one year.

Ascent of Hecla.—Mount Hecla, the volcano of Iceland, was ascended last year by some of the French scientific expedition. It was entirely covered with deep snow. This mountain is 5,000 feet high, and is volcanic from top to bottom.—*Magazine of Popular Science.*

Spermaceti Whales are gregarious, and are met with in what are called schools, or pods. The former consist of from twenty to fifty, being principally females with their young, guarded in the rear by a male of the largest size, who takes up a defensive position, and, when pursued by boats, urges the others to move quicker, by attacking them. A pod consists of eight or ten, generally young ones. It is very rare, likewise, for any whales to be found at a distance from one of these communities, unless an aged whale, apparently retired from social life.

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